

Mending the Dream

by Sonia

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Summary: When the fabric of your dreams is shredded, a friend can help repair the damage

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> <meta name="Generator"> Authors Note: This fic was inspired by and takes up where Jaye Reid's haunting Broken Dreams left off
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Disclaimer: Okay, let's see if I remember the drill correctly. These characters aren't mine. I'm not making any money off of them, nor am I using them for any other sort of personal gain. In fact, they're probably taking up way too much of my time. I'm only borrowing them for a bit in the hopes of scratching that strange writer's itch I've been having recently and to perhaps provide entertainment for my friends for a short while.

Authors Note: This fic was inspired by and takes up where Jaye Reid's haunting Broken Dreams left off. A big thank you to Jaye for letting me borrow her toys for a while and play with them. Jaye, I sincerely hope I have done your efforts justice.

By Sonia

Gavin Sykes felt like shit.

There was no other way to put it.

Tayler was killed in a Polair crash three weeks ago. Going to the morgue with Helen to identify Tayler's lithe, elegant body took every ounce of mental stamina he possessed.

Then there was the police funeral. It was a funeral with full police honours, which was definitely a fitting tribute to Tayler but also the hardest thing in the world for her colleagues to get through. The overwhelming wave of emotions that always surfaced during a police funeral left Gavin feeling even more helpless.

He understood now why Rachel's father had insisted on a simple service without all the ceremony.

Helen had chosen the Police Pipe Band to play at the Service. When they had started to play "Amazing Grace", a broken cry was heard above the keening pipes. Gavin looked across at Helen â€" tears streaming from her dark eyes, pain and tension visible in the set of her shoulders. Jeff put an arm around her shoulders and hugged her.

After the service everyone went to the Cutter Bar. Gavin joined them because he didn't want to be alone, yet he ended up sitting by himself. Talking to people right now was just a little difficult and he knew his friends understood that.

His flat was in darkness; there was no light in his life any more. Should he have another beer? Should follow up on Jeff's offer and call the Police Welfare Branch?

Should he call Helen and see how she was? If he did that they would probably both start crying again and while Gavin didn't think he had any more tears left, they still came.

Tommy had said to call if he needed anything. Yeah, right. Unless he possessed some type of psychic abilities, how could Tommy provide the one thing he truly needed?

Gavin picked up the photo album and held it closer to him. Helen had dropped it around a few days ago saying it was something he should have. It was photos from the time he and Tayler travelled to Tasmania.

One photo kept drawing his attention. They had just returned from the markets and Tayler was "modelling" her latest purchase â€" a chenille throw rug for her bed. She had the rug wrapped around her shawl style and was sitting by the open fire. The look in her eyes said it all - at that moment Tayler was where she wanted to be and with the person she needed to be with

Jeff said he would be receiving a Commissioner's Valour award for his actions at the crash site. The danger and risk to his own life meant nothing the moment word came through that Tayler's body had been found.

He wondered what the recriminations would be if he declined to accept. What was the point of getting the award when the one person he wanted to congratulate him was dead?

Buzz. Buzz.

Shit! What was that? Oh, the intercom to his flat. If this was the Mormons or someone selling encyclopedias â€" boy were they about to get an education on the full extent of his vocabulary.

"Yes?"

"Gavin, it's Jack. - Can I come up?"

"Uhâ€|yeah, sure."

Why would Jack Christey, of all people, want to visit him?

Better turn down the CD player, he thought, just as Metallica's "Nothing Else Matters" started to play.

"So close, no matter how far

Couldn't be much more from the heart

Forever trust in who we are

And nothing else matters"

A knock on the door startled Gavin out of his reverie. He opened the door to find Jack looking pretty much how he felt. He knew Tayler and Jack had a special bond after Tayler had taken a bullet for him that time on the pier but he didn't think they were close enough for Christey to be looking like he looked now.

"If you're going to offer me a beer â€" don't. You don't need another one and I don't need to start." Jack strode into Gavin's lounge room, kicking the odd beer can out of the way, as he flipped open the curtains. Light lit up the dust particles stirred by Jack's actions.

Jack played soccer with the beer cans as he eventually found the kitchen. He eventually found some instant coffee at the back of one of the cupboards and flipped the kettle on. Instant â€|hmm. Interesting. If nothing else Rachel had left him with an appreciation for good coffee.

Without bothering to consult Gavin, Jack placed two mugs on the bench top and measured out the coffee.

"I know how you'd be feeling right now but how are you doing?

Even through his grief induced mental fog, Gavin realised Jack would be the only one at the station who actually knew how he was feeling. He'd been there when Rachel was murdered and watching Jack battle through the grieving process was not pretty.

Jack walked back into the lounge room and handed Gavin a strong, black coffee.

"Drink this â€|it'll do you more good than any of those cans on the floor ever did.

"How do you do it Jack? How do you get over the fact the woman you love isn't there anymore?

"I don't know. Tayler's death has brought back all the bad memories of Rachel's death for me. It's also brought back some of the good things

"How could anything be good about Rachel's death?

"The memories of the good times Rachel and I shared still put a smile back on my face at times when I thought I could never smile again. Those memories have taken the edge off some painful moments. Don't get me wrong, I still hurt in a million and one ways. I walk into the office and still expect to see her there - all electric blue eyes, killer smile and wisecracks at two million miles an hour.

Jack sipped at his coffee. Gavin wiped at his eyes as the tears slid down into his own mug.

"I know what you mean. After Tayler left the station, we really started to communicate and had the makings of something pretty good. It was almost as if we hadn't broken up after we got back from Tasmania. Some nights, I find myself waking up and expect to see that gorgeous hair of hers spread over the next pillow. What do you do Jack when the loneliness starts eating at you like some sort of cancer?

The older man looked across at his friend and colleague "hoping to find some answers of his own. He'd done a lot of soul searching in the past few months trying to answer that question.

"I don't know. I suppose the answer is to let your heart do the talking and reach out to them. Even though Tayler or Rachel aren't here to listen to even a millionth of the things we want to say to them, some nights I lie in bed and let all those thoughts run.

"If you don't mind me asking, what do you say?

Jack moved towards the window and looked out at the skyline "not really seeing the ferries glide by or acknowledging the hum of Sydney life.

"Whether I'm telling Rachel how much I still love her, what's going on with David or what went on in the office that day - as long as that link is still there it doesn't matter what is said. Gavin, while ever Tayler and Rachel are in our hearts "they're not dead."

Unfolding himself from the lounge, Gavin walked over to join Jack at the window. Setting his coffee down, Gavin briefly embraced Jack. The hug expressed all those complicated emotions that are sometimes too hard to voice. Then the simplest of sentiments rose from Gavin's heart.

"Thank you Jack, thank you."

End

End
file.